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Grant Lee Phillips "So. Central Rain"

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Did you never call? I waited for your call These rivers of suggestion are driving me away The trees will bend, the cities wash away The city on the river, there is a girl without a dream

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry

Eastern to mountain, third party called, lines are down The wise man built his words upon the rocks But I'm not bound to follow suit The trees will bend, the conversation's dimmed Go build yourself another home, this choice isn't mine

I'm sorry, I'm sorry

Did you never call? I waited for your call These rivers of suggestion are driving me away The ocean sang, the conversation's dimmed Go build yourself another dream, this choice isn't mine

l'm sorry, l'm sorry, l'm sorry, l'm sorry Hey, hey, hey

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